

## Bust Your Knee Caps

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## Bust Your Knee Caps

by [Bonfirefly](#)

### Summary

Prom's in a week and Wilbur (the usual singer) has strep throat

Schlatt knows exactly who should sing

(Schlatt knows Tommy can sing well and tells him to sing at prom. Tommy secretly has a band.)

(It's Business Bay cuz I love them)

## Notes

“You’ll do fine, kid,”

“But what if I don’t?”

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Tommy Danger Kraken Innit was enjoying his high school life so far. He was only a freshman, but with his two older brothers being some of the most famous people in school, he was introduced to new people fairly quickly and grew in popularity.

He had a good group of friends, though their joking around got a bit too much for him sometimes, great brothers, though they sort of ignore him a lot, a great father, who never says more than a couple words to him whenever he comes back from his month-long business trips. He had terrific best friends, who were in a different school than him in the next town over that he could only see in person every couple of months.

His life was going well.

It was a week until the annual prom, a band consisting of student volunteers usually plays, and Wilbur had been doing it for the past three years. He was planning on doing it as well for his final year there, but...

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU CAN’T DO IT?!” Dream, the student council president, shouted at the brunette.

Dream was the president of the student council. He was in charge of planning everything for the prom, including the music, which Wilbur was going to do, but couldn’t, now.

“I have strep throat, Dream,” Wilbur whispered, his voice scratchy and course, “they said it would

heal up in about five to six days but would take another three or four days to get back to singing condition, so I can't sing Friday night."

As much as he can with a smiley face mask covering his mouth and nose, Dream looked frustrated before George, Dream's boyfriend, managed to calm him down. Taking a few deep breaths, Dream slumped down in his chair and held his face in his hands before groaning loudly.

"What are we going to do? Prom's only a week away, and no one else ever sings," he grumbled.

No one noticed as Schlatt subtly looked across the table to Tommy, who seemed to be messaging someone or multiple people on his phone, based on how his thumbs were moving and how he kept stifling his laughs.

Clearing his throat, Schlatt sat up from where he was leaning back, causing heads to turn to him as he usually didn't speak up much before looking at him expectantly.

"I think Tommy should do it."

That single sentence caused everyone to look at him like he was crazy, including Tommy, who tuned back into the conversation when he saw the brunette sit up.

"Huh?" Dream questioned dumbly, his eyes looking into Schlatt's like he was asking him if he was dumb.

"No, no, I'm serious. I heard the brat sing once when he thought I was passed out drunk. He's pretty good," Schlatt explained, causing Tommy to blush bright red and spit out curses at the man.

"Tommy? Really? Are you sure you didn't just imagine it? How much did you drink at the time?" Wilbur scoffed before wincing and rubbing his throat. All Tommy did was sink in his seat silently, seemingly invisible.

Schlatt saw how his ears were tinted red and looked around as everyone seemed to scoff or laugh at the idea.

“I think he should do it,” maybe it was the way his eyes were blazing in a way they never had before, perhaps it was the way his voice was filled with passion, perhaps it was the way his tone was more firm than it ever was, but everyone seemed to take him seriously.

After a few moments, Dream turned to a still embarrassed and slightly humiliated Tommy.

“Tommy, would you take this seriously?” Tommy looked up at Dream, then at Schlatt. When he saw Schlatt looking at him earnestly, silently encouraging him, Tommy took a deep breath and looked back at Dream.

“Yes.”

Dream just looked at him, analyzing him, before nodding.

“Ok. Give me the name of anyone you’re playing with by the end of the day.”

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***Business Boiss***

***TommyInnit:*** Soooo...

***TimeDeo:*** What did you do?

***LukeOrSomething:*** Does it involve the cops?

***Bitzel:*** I feel like that’d be more like Wisp to involve the police

***Wispexe:*** HEY!

***TimeDeo:*** You’re not wrong

*Wispexe: :(*

*TommyInnit: Shut it!*

*TommyInnit: Anyways, so I may have been chosen to sing at my school's prom next week...*

*TommyInnit: And I was hoping you guys could come?*

*Bitzel: Hell yeah!*

*TimeDeo: Sure, Tommy, sounds like fun*

*Wispexe: This'll be fun*

*LukeOrSomething: Can't wait!*

*TommyInnit: You guys are the best!*

*TimeDeo: :)*

*Wispexe: Stop. That looks so weird coming from you, Deo*

*TimeDeo: :(*

~~~

Every day after school, Tommy would walk over to Deo's house for the next week, where he and the boys would practice in Deo's soundproof basement. They decided to stick with more slowish songs, wanting people to be able to dance to them.

On that Friday, when Tommy would usually be having lunch with his school friends, he was currently stuck having a panic attack in the bathroom near the senior classes.

He was sitting against the wall with his knees pulled against his chest and his hands tugging at his hair, desperately trying to ground himself and regulate his erratic breathing, to no avail.

He was sure that tears were about to pour out of his eyes when he heard a familiar voice in front of him.

“Take a deep breath, in, then let it out.”

Trying to do what they said, all Tommy could do was let out a sob.

“Ok, that’s okay, just keep trying to take deep breaths.”

Tommy continued trying to regulate his breath, a comforting hand on his knee helping ground him.

“Alright, name five things you can see. It doesn’t have to be out loud, but name them.”

Nodding, Tommy continued taking deep breaths until his vision wasn’t shaky and blurry anymore, recognizing the familiar New York Yankees baseball cap on the man in front of him.

“I-I see y-your hat. I s-see my sh-shoes. I s-see y-your mutt-mutton chops,” he got a laugh out of Schlatt for that one, causing him to relax slightly. “I see a d-drawing of a d-dick on the w-walls.”

Tommy continued taking slow, deep breaths until his vision was all clear and his nausea was gone, allowing him to sit up from his scrunched-up position and move closer to the baseball-cap-wearing man in front of him.

“Thanks,” Tommy croaked, voice gruff from sobbing, causing him to grimace and clear his throat.

“No problem,” Schlatt replied, keeping his hand firmly on his knee to keep him grounded.

They sat in comfortable silence for a few moments more.

“You wanna tell me what that was about?” Schlatt asked, trying to come off as casual but failing as Tommy picked up the worry in his tone. Tommy smiled to himself at that.

“I just,” Tommy took a deep breath, staving away the panic, “what if I fail? What if I make a fool of myself? What if I’m not as good as you say I am?”

Tommy looked at Schlatt with wide eyes slowly filling up with more tears. Schlatt pulled Tommy into a hug and gave him a reassuring pat on the back.

“You’ll do fine, kid,” he said softly, his voice dropping an octave with how he forced it to soften.

“But what if I don’t?” Tommy sniffled, wiping his nose with his sleeve, before wiping it with the paper towel Schlatt gave him.

“Then fuck everyone else and just have fun. Who cares if you mess up or not if you have fun with friends,” Schlatt stated, pulling them both up into a standing hug, Tommy hiding his face in Schlatt’s chest for a few more seconds before pulling away.

“Okay,” Tommy said, sniffing one more time before nodding, looking Schlatt in the eyes.

“Okay?”

“Okay. I’m going to have fun. Fuck everyone else ‘cuz I’m Big Man TommyInnit, and everyone else is lower than me!” Tommy stated, his voice growing steadily louder as he became his usual self.

Schlatt just laughed good-heartedly and ruffled the blond’s hair, smiling softly when he felt him lean in.

“Thanks, Schlatt,” Tommy ducked his head, trying to hide his embarrassed smile. Schlatt just chuckled and led them out of the bathroom and to all of their other friends.

“No worries, kid.”

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That night, Tommy dressed in his nice-looking suit. Not the nice one he wore to his mother’s funeral, but the nice one he wore to his middle school graduation party where he danced with a girl briefly. Good memory. Anyway.

Technoblade drove him and Wilbur, who wanted to come anyway despite not being able to sing. They arrived right on time, maybe five minutes late, before meeting their friends in the gym. Tommy told Deo and the rest to meet him at the gym’s outside entrance not more than ten minutes late.

“So, where’s your band, Tommy?” Dream asked the blond, George and Sapnap fighting about something behind him. Tommy had told Dream the name of his band and not the individual members’ names, only getting a raised eyebrow in return.

“They’ll be here in about-” Tommy couldn’t finish his sentence before a chime from his phone caused him to pause and look at it, smirking at it slightly before looking back up at the older blond, “right now.”

Tommy motioned them all to follow him as he brought them all to the gym entrance. Opening the door, the boy was met with the smiles and smirks of his four best friends.

“Hey, guys!” Tommy chirped, exiting the building to hug his friends while everyone else gawked at them behind him.

“Hey, TomCat!” Bitzel laughed, pulling Tommy into a hug first before Deo grabbed Tommy and pulled him into their hug. That continued through the other two before Tommy was let go after four hugs.

The five turned when they heard someone clear their throat. They spotted Dream with his fist to the spot where his mouth is under his mask, causing Tommy to bring his little group over to the larger



group.

“Guys, meet my friends! We call ourselves the ‘Business Bay’!” Tommy explained happily, bouncing on his toes a little in excitement.

“Nice to meet you!” Karl said, waving from his spot in between Sapnap and Quackity.

“Likewise,” Deo said, nodding towards everyone.

“Toms, we should start setting up,” Wisp said, looking at the teen.

“Yeah! Dream, can you show us backstage?” Tommy turned towards the president, who nodded hesitantly, sizing up Deo.

Dream brought the five of them backstage, shoos off their other friends since they weren’t allowed, before helping them move the equipment to the open stage.

“Thank you, Dream,” Luke nodded towards him before walking towards the keyboard.

Bitzel took his place behind the drums, Wisp picked up his base, Deo tested out his electric guitar, and Tommy walked in front of the mic.

They all saw the curious looks everyone was giving them, especially noticing the eyes they gave Tommy before scoffing or snickering, probably making fun of him.

Tommy took a deep breath before nodding back to the rest of the band.

“Let’s do this.”

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“Hello, people!” Tommy loudly said, catching everyone’s attention. He was smiling widely.

“We’re ‘Business Bay,’ and we’ll be your band for tonight! We’ve got a few songs coming up, so you better fucking listen!” Tommy just giggled lightly at Luke’s exasperated eye roll.

Tommy nodded slightly to the four, subtly telling them to start, before looking back at the crowd.

Bitzel came in first, a simple drum beat before Luke came next with a few notes on the keys. Deo and Wisp didn’t come in yet while Tommy took a few deep breaths.

Everyone was entranced when Tommy opened his mouth and started singing softly, not expecting anything other than obnoxious, loud yelling from the boy.

“ *Johnny don’t leave me* ,” everyone in the gym took a sharp intake of air.

“ *You said you’d love me forever*

*Honey, believe me*

*I’ll have your heart on a platter*

*Might you recall*

*We’ve got a small family business*

*And the family won’t like this* ,” as Tommy held the last note longer than the rest, everyone was watching him as he swayed to the music a little. After a couple decided to slow dance on the dance floor, everyone, minus Tommy’s group of friends who were too shocked to move, decided to follow suit.

“ *They’ll bust your knee caps* ,” Deo and Wisp started lightly strumming at that point, all four of them looking at Tommy fondly.

“ *Ooh wop de do wop de do* ,” the four sang back up, causing Tommy’s voice to sound higher compared to their deeper sounding voices.

“ *They’ll bust your knee caps*

*Ooh wop de do wop de do* ,” the repeated the chorus, the four only singing back up at the second line.

“Why is he good?” Wilbur whispered to Schlatt, who just gave him a smug look that said, ‘I told you so.’

“ *Johnny, you told me* ,” Tommy’s dropped a little from the chorus, making him sound slightly older.

*“ You were no fool, you were no chump*

*Then you got cold feet*

*Now all you'll be is a speed bump*

*It's something we call*

*Oh, just a small family business*

*And the family won't like this* ,” he repeated the last two lines from the beginning, signifying the start of the chorus once again. Dream and George were now slow dancing together, George smiling softly while Dream’s shoulders were more relaxed than they had been in weeks.

Karl, Quackity, and Sapnap decided to make out next to the bleachers, ignoring the annoyed looks Bad was giving them from his spot on the dance floor with Skeppy. Niki and Puffy were just giggling together and acting all cute.

*“ They'll bust your knee caps*

*Ooh wop de do wop de do*

*They'll bust your knee caps*

*That's what they're going to do* ,” Tommy opened his eyes slightly and instantly met Schlatt’s. The brunette just smiled at him encouragingly and gave a thumbs up, causing Tommy to brighten slightly and put more emotion into his voice.

*“ Johnny, there's still time*

*Together I know, we'd go so far*

*I'll tell uncle Rocco*

***To call off the guys with the crowbars***

***You call it crime***

***We call it smart family business***

***And the family is famous*** ,” Tommy slightly smirked, causing Bitzel to chuckle lowly before a stern look from Deo forced him to cover it up with a fake cough.

There were no lyrics for a tiny bit, at first just some light piano from Luke, before Bitzel shouted out, “LET’S BUST SOME KNEE CAPS!” Scaring some of the dancers and causing Wisp to laugh a little. The drums, bass, and guitar came in next. A small guitar solo made itself known above the rest of the instruments before Tommy started singing again.

***“ Bust your knee caps***

***Bust your knee caps***

***It's such a shame***

***That you became such an issue***

***Oh dear Johnny, I'll miss you*** ,” Tommy’s voice grew higher and louder, causing him to sound younger than before. It also caused people to wonder how high his voice could go.

***“ They'll bust your knee caps***

***Ooh wop de do wop de do***

***They'll bust your knee caps***

***That's what they're going to do*** ,” Tommy opened his eyes again and spotted Tubbo dancing with Ranboo. The two had grown closer over the past couple of months, and at first, Tommy felt a little jealous, seeing as he hadn't been able to see his own best friends in person for a few months, but when they finally met up one weekend, Tommy felt better, and he didn’t care anymore.

Now, he just smiled to himself as he watched them laugh as they failed to slow dance, tripping over themselves.

***“ They'll bust your knee caps***

***Ooh wop de do wop de do***

***They'll bust your knee caps***

***Ooh yeah they're coming for you*** ,” while Tommy sang the loudest, the other four continued to sing back up for the rest of the lyrics, creating an excellent five-way harmony.

“ ***Bust your knee caps***

***Ooh, bust your knee caps***

***Bust your knee caps***

***Ooh, bust your knee caps*** ,” the song finished with Tommy quietly swaying as the other four faded out, the drums being the lone instrument heard before it faded out as well.

Tommy opened his eyes and was faced with a sea of applause.

“Thank you! Thank you! We’ll be here all night!” Tommy laughed, waving flamboyantly before meeting eyes with Wilbur. Tommy just stuck out his tongue and flipped him off, causing him to scoff and smile at him fondly.

“*For our next song, we’ll be singing ‘Butch 4 Butch’!*”

## End Notes

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3FoqQlUnfdc>  
^ Bust Your Knee Caps

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XrljzLUN1Z0>  
^ Butch 4 Butch

2 Great songs go listen to them

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